

Of Interest to Women.

Mrs. Hetty Green in Private Life--Society Woman and Mother--Two of Her Homes--Portraits of Equinunk's Plucky Wood Sawyers.

UNSIGHTLY BLACKHEADS.

Harriet Hubbard Ayer Tells How They May Be Removed.

An Analysis of Their Nature Which All Women Should Read.

I have not much patience with protracted cases of blackheads. No woman need have them if she will really keep her face clean. You do not have blackheads on your hands, but you would, if you washed and scrubbed them as rarely as many women do their faces. Blackheads or fleshworms are indicated by little black specks seen about the face, chiefly around the nose and chin. Each speck marks an obstructed skin outlet, and if pressure is made either side of the black speck something having the appearance of a tiny worm is expelled. It is really a little cylinder of fat, and the black speck, which is supposed by many to be the head, is simply an accumulation of dirt which has been attracted by the oily nature of the suppressed secretion.

Where the blackhead is firmly imbedded it should be anointed and kept covered with a good cold cream or unguent such as I have given recipes for. Let the ointment remain on the face several hours so as to soften the skin; then carefully press the blackhead out. Next scrub your face with the camel-hair face scrubbing brush already described, a pure soap and lots of hot water. Continue this treatment and

GONE INTO BUSINESS.

Two young society women of this city, who are possessed of independence and originality in an unusual degree, have started a florist business. In partnership with them is a woman well known alike in social and artistic circles. Their shop is on one of the busiest cross-towns thoroughfares, and any one happening into this veritable bower will be sure to go again. Here palms and other potted plants, as well as cut "dowers of all hues," fill the square window and are shown in artistic relief against the soft green walls and draperies of the room, which looks as one enters more like a little parlor than a busy shop. These two young women have learned to decorate dinner tables, themselves originating the designs and planning harmonious color arrangements. They have also come to know how to wire roses and lilies and to dissect a carnation in the professional way preparatory to making it over into an English boutonniere.



AN INTERESTING WOMAN.

Some Entertaining Facts About the Home Life of Mrs. Hetty Green.

Hetty Green, the defendant in litigation, the financier, the richest woman in America, is well known throughout the length and breadth of the land. Mrs. Hetty Green, the amiable, intelligent mother, is unknown to fame. She is devoted to her two children—a daughter, who resides with her, and a son to whom political honors have come in the Lone Star State. In days gone by Mrs. Green was a most attractive person. Time has dealt gently with her, and to-day, though her clear blue eyes have grown a trifle less lustrous, there lies within their depths a something akin to tenderness. Her soft, brown hair is lightly streaked with gray. Far from being the decrepit old woman scribbled have been wont to picture her, she is the personification of a well-preserved matron, little looking her years—on the contrary, she stands erect, is easy and graceful in her movements.

Hetty Howland Robinson was born at New Bedford, Mass., in 1843. Her daguerreotype, taken at the age of eighteen, shows a sweet-faced, blue-eyed girl, dressed in the fashion of the day.

At twenty-two we see her in the full bloom of womanhood. The next portrait was taken prior to her marriage, while on route to Saratoga Lake, where she was to be a guest of ex-President Martin Van Buren and his son John, at a dinner given to Lord Althorp, afterward Duke of Northumberland; Lord Harvey, Colonel Scarlett, later Lord Abinger, and Captain Tower, of the Cold Stream Guards. Baroness Stoeckler, wife of the Russian Ambassador, matronized Miss Robinson.

Mrs. Green, in her younger days, was very fond of society, having an entree to the most exclusive circles here and abroad by reason of her family connections. She relates many pleasant reminiscences of her social career and for the time being forgets her lawsuits and property interests to chat upon a subject which is a memory dear—that of her early days and popularity.



DUSE'S CLOTHES.

Tears at Magda's Mother Love Almost Kept the Women from Seeing Them.

Duse seems so absolutely contemporaneous that it is difficult to conceive of her in any clothes but those of the women of to-day. These she wears in a manner as individual as is everything else she does. She has a genius for dress. This is seen in the fact that she dominates her clothes so completely that they seem an outward expression of herself rather than something worn. This is not in the sense of the heroines of Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, who when they are pensive, put on gray, cherry for cheer, and repent in black.

Duse rarely wears anything but black and white. Color is merely an accentuation. In "Magda," a four-act play, she wears but two gowns. In the first act she is just from the theatre, a dazzling apparition in white. The dress is of white moire; the skirt is perfectly plain, but falls in fold on fold—an umbrella skirt if you will—with train, but innocent of horsehair crinoline or any other evil inventions. Neither underskirt nor bustle directs or sustains, but the lustrous fabric follows Duse's movements in a manner that impresses one with a fascinating sense of will, choice and charm.

The body is low and veiled diagonally across the front, and around the V-shaped



HER SUMMER HOME.

back with yellow tape meshed church lace that terminates on the left hip in a bow, and long each ends of crop, edged with lace. The only touch of color was a large breast knot of blood red roses, with foliage on the left side.

The opera cloak of gorgeous white stuff embossed with a design of knotted stuff fell from the shoulder in fold and fold. It had sleeves and revers for its coat effect, but as for the skirt, its purpose seemed to be to play hide-and-seek with the wearer, now concealing, now revealing.

The sleeves of both Duse's costumes showed this same subordination of purpose. The balloon architecture, supported on substructures known to most women as sleeves, had no relation to the graceful draperies in which the arm seemed swung, and that touched it only to caress. The morning gown was of black satin plainly worn without corset, the skirt with the same voluminous fold rippling and playing about the form. The front was of gathered white chiffon. The tight cuffs of lace with their long frills at the wrist were half swathed from above in the full lace upper half, while the arms emerged from full black satin sheathed like a sling, lined with purplish pink. Scarves of black, lined with

FASHION IN EYEBROWS.

The Language of and Fashion in Eyebrows as Revealed by an Expert.

We are rivaling the golden days of Greece, when to excel in personal beauty was to gain prizes, and a Greek youth competed with ardor for the eyebrow prize as well as for the blue ribbon in noses. The eyebrow reader is among us taking notes. The standard of positive beauty in the male eyebrow has been fixed by the fascination imparted to the downward curving eyebrows of Antinous, the form of which lends such a tender and melancholy expression to the face, and in women the Venus of Milo must take eyebrow precedence, although the Milo eyebrow is a trifle too stern in its expression to suit the Venus standard. This is caused by a slight contraction of the grief muscles. The eyebrow of the Milo Venus differs radically from the narrow, pencilled, almost straight line of the typical pleasure-loving Aphrodite of marble or canvas.

The fashionable eyebrow of to-day is the one which adorns the sketches of the popular illustrator, notably, Charles Dana Gibson. It is the eyebrow par excellence for '96 in real life as well. It is narrow, straight at its commencement, and gently arched as it reaches the temples. This formation, according to noted physiognomists, indicates sensibility, tenderness and

THE CUBAN CAUSE.

The Latest Fancy of the Washington Women.

One thing that has contributed largely to the success of the cause of Cuba in Congress has been the active interest taken in its behalf by the society women of Washington.

Husbands, fathers, brothers and lovers have been lectured to and beseeched with by the fair sex, and in almost every instance promises exacted for their active influence.

About three weeks ago a large dinner was given by a well-known society leader in Washington at which six Senators were present. The cunning schemer and her colleagues, who included every woman present, soon drifted conversation into the desired channel, and before the last course was reached every one of the six Senators had given a solemn promise to aid the cause of Cuba's freedom.

The Washington women are wearing Cuban flags and badges. It has become the chief topic of conversation in social circles and is a recognized fad which is worthy of a better name.

The Spanish Minister has been forced to discontinue his visits at many houses. In fact, he has substantially withdrawn from society and is seldom seen.

An example of feeling among the Washington women is the exclamation of one of them, which was overheard in the ladies' gallery during the recent debate. She said: "I wish I had twenty sons that I could send them all to Cuba to fight."

Even the ladies of the Diplomatic Corps were present in the gallery to hear the debate last week.

The Washington Ladies' Club had another lecture on Cuba and will have another on

AMATEURS ON THE STAGE.

Performance of Seniors of the Dramatic Arts Academy.

The second subscription performance by the senior members of the American Academy of Dramatic Arts, at the Carnegie Lyceum yesterday afternoon, proved to be a most successful affair.

The triple programme embraced the first performance of "The Broken Sword," by Lottie Blair Parker, with the following cast:

Major Greer, late officer in the Confederate Army.....Lee Bernheim
Captain Hamilton, late officer in the Union Army.....L. J. Fuller
Gabriel Grey, daughter of Major Greer, Miss Mary Emerson

Lucy, a quadroon, a former slave of Major Grey's.....Miss Maie Tunison
"Put to the Test," an original pantomime by Edwin Star Belknap, with music by Harvey Worthington Loomis, followed as the second number on the bill.

The characters were cast: Walter Thorne, an artist.....Albert Brown
Betty Jordan, his sweetheart.....Miss Maie Tunison
Maid.....Miss Maie Tunison
The last number was a farce entitled "Double or Quits," with the cast as here given:

Harry Hunter.....Albert Brown
Mrs. Hunter, his wife.....Miss Maie Tunison
Nora, servant to the Hunters.....Miss Winifred Bonnewitz

"Alias Smith," the burglar.....L. J. Fuller
Constable.....L. J. Fuller

Quite a professional audience greeted them, including William H. Crane, Miss Mabel Montgomery, Josephine Allen, Mrs. J. C. Walworth, Nelson Wheatcroft, Courtney Thorne, Mrs. Oliver Stuges-Jones, V. M. De Silke, Edwin Star Belknap, Miss Dorothy Usner and Miss May Robson.

THREE NOVEL SANDWICHES.

NUT SANDWICH.

One cup of chopped hickorynuts, one of walnuts and one of pecans; mix with half the quantity of hard boiled eggs mashed to a paste; then mix with mayonnaise dressing. After the bread has been buttered, cover with a leaf of crisp lettuce, trimmed to fit, and spread with the nut mixture. Serve with sherry or any wine preferred.

PEANUT SANDWICHES.

Peanuts mixed with mayonnaise dressing make an acceptable filling for bread sandwiches, and are the thing to be served for the 5 o'clock tea. Take the freshly roasted peanuts, chop them very fine, or, better still, roll them to a fine meal; then mix with the dressing; spread on buttered bread, covered with shredded lettuce.

EGG NOG SANDWICH.

Make very thin, small round forms of rich, flaky pie crust, delicately browned. Between two of them place a filling of thick rich strawberry preserves or preserved ginger, to which has been added a suspicion of French brandy. With this should be served the kernels of English walnuts freely besprinkled with fine salt. This is to be served on occasions when egg nog is the appropriate drink.

CORDIAL WITH THE KING.

The following story is told of one of our countrywomen not "born to the purple," but who married wealth and lived to see her children prominent in Boston society. During the reign of Louis Philippe she went abroad, and while in Paris she presented to His Majesty, who, upon hearing that she was an American, made some courteous remark in her language. The lady, who had been told that she must only address royalty when spoken to, here saw her opportunity and gasped it. "Oh, King!" she exclaimed, "how well you speak English! This is my daughter Carrie. Carrie, let the King hear how nicely you talk French!"

The new lamp shades are larger and more elaborate than ever. Many of them are in several colors, and have deep ruffles that partially conceal the body of the lamp.

HER PRESCRIPTION.

A certain New York woman who has managed to retain not only her beauty, but also an appearance of youth far beyond the allotted number of years, was once heard to say that she had tried to live according to the Persian motto: "Never walk when you can ride; never stand when you can sit; never sit up when you can lie down." This merely means relaxation of all the muscles of the body whenever it is possible. The disciples of Delaune have tried to teach us something of this sort, but it is a difficult lesson for busy people, whose days are not long enough for all they have to do, to learn.

A soft chamol case, made to roll up, and having inside little pockets that button over for rings, pins, etc., is the most convenient and portable kind of a receptacle for jewels.



WHERE SHE WAS BORN (NEW BEDFORD, MASS.)

you will soon see the departure of the last of these filthy blemishes.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A Reader.—Nothing but a stain or dye will change the color of your hair. The ash blond or blond cendre hair is considered far more beautiful in Europe than the golden blond.

"Black Eyes," "Very Anxious" and "A Reader."—To reduce flesh abstain from all starchy, sweet and greasy food. Drink hot water several times a day, as hot as you can swallow it. Eat underdone meat, dry toast, fresh fruit and vegetables. Take all the out-of-door exercise you can get. Keep busy. Sleep not more than seven hours out of twenty-four.

Young Mother.—For ordinary chaps and wind burns try the following lotion for the little ones:

Purified borax.....3 drachms
Pure glycerine.....¼ ounce
Rose water.....12 ounces
HARRIET HUBBARD AYER.

THE CAT AND THE CREAM.

It is a tale of revenge, characteristic of the new generation. It happened in the house of a rich and fashionable woman, whose whim it is to live in a suburban atmosphere. Notwithstanding she is very much in the social swim—giving dinners that are voted dreams by the partakers thereof—and luncheons in color that simply ravish the eye artistic.

It was one of those functions that proved the occasion of this tale. It was wholly white, and for dessert all the sweets were to be masked and smothered in whipped cream. So a big bowl of that substance was made ready early in the fray; then the cook and her helpers gave their whole mind to other things. But they were very much hindered by the son of the house—a young gentleman aged six, with a wide and persistent desire to see the domestic wheels go around. He peeked and pried and questioned until forbearance not only ceased to be a virtue, but became a crime. Then cook rose in wrath, seized him by the ear and led him ignominiously to an upper region.

Of course he did not stay there. Within five minutes he was back. But he said nothing to anybody—only marched straight at the bowl of cream and planted his pet Maltese kitten accurately in the middle of it. Then there was a howl—y-do, sure enough. It was too late to secure more cream, much less to think of whipping it in time—and whipped cream was the triumphant note of the coming feast. Cook was a woman of resource, besides having a soul beyond prejudice. She rose to the situation, as she did to the kitchen.

"Shure, it's a clane baste—misses always said so," she remarked, gathering the animal carefully by the back of its neck. "An' shure, too, it's after takin' out wid it all the stuff it'd be touchin'; not wan o' them fine ladies 'll be the woler of it, at all, at all; an' it's not meself neither that has the hairt to be after disciplin' the mistress, an' spilin' the looks o' things."

The white luncheon was a great success, and not one guest noted anything peculiar in the cream, which was its character note.



MRS. HETTY GREEN TO-DAY.

"THE ROOSTER."

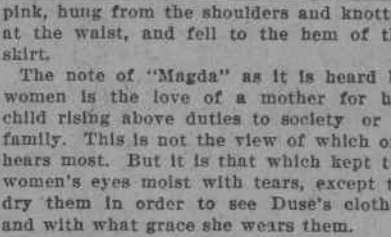
"The Journal's Grammaettes," said a white-haired gentleman, laying down the morning paper, "remind me of something that happened a long time ago. I lived then in a country town that was beginning to take on city ways. Gas had just been introduced, and few of us who lived there knew much about it. To my husband, though, it was a commonplace—he was often in the big Eastern cities. So, of course, our house was one of the first to be lighted with it. Equally, of course, it was something to talk about during neighborly calls. It happened that one of my earliest callers after the pipes were in was a lady brought up in Philadelphia, and, so, learned in all city ways. But she was as full of interest as we provincials over the matter of gas, and asked me, among other things, if we had a wet meter or a dry one. I did not know, and asked which was the better. 'Oh, there is not so very much difference, except that with a wet meter, in very cold weather, the rooster is liable to freeze!' Full of wonder as to what a rooster could have to do with gas jets, I went at my husband about it as soon as he came home. He looked a bit puzzled at first; then laughed loud and long, saying: 'I suppose she meant the cock—the stop-cock, you know—but Philadelphia modestly forbade her to use the word; hence the euphemism of 'rooster.'"

No one is satisfied with his fortune or dissatisfied with his intellect.

SOCIAL STRUGGLERS.

They are not confined to the pages of novels—witness this, unintentionally overheard on the "L" road the other day:

"Yes! They will get on; at least I think they will," a thin, sharp-nosed woman was saying to her fat, placid neighbor. "They have got on already amazingly—you know he began life a cash boy—and now is partner in a good business, with money ahead outside. And she's gone up from the tape-and-thread counter to the head of her department. I like to see people get on, too—but the airs of those two are almost too much. Why they waited three years to be married, so they might afford to spend \$500 upon decorating the church for the wedding, and he sent his people to Brooklyn, and she persuaded hers to go to California, and they wouldn't be hampered in their upward progress. They went to a theatre where the seats are less than \$1.50—and clothes! Oh, my! You never saw such critters as they are. Of course, they'd been living at pretty cheap places, saying that way, so they could flourish broadly in other. But when they were on the brink of matrimony, they each went and stayed for six weeks at a swell hotel—so they could learn exactly how to do what to eat, and order and all that, on their bridal trip. That was to Florida; they stopped at the Ponce there—and paid \$15 a day for rooms alone. And they paid to get the wedding in a paper—just think of that! Like they were already fashionable people!"



THE PRESENT TIME.

CHIFFON.

The latest costumes for bicyclists show white cloth facings.

Authorities claim that with the tight sleeve will come also the Watteau style of dress and panniers.

Black velvet ribbon in conjunction with white lace is promised great vogue.

The open coat is certain to be popular. As a waistcoat white lace frills and black velvet trimming will be effective.

Braid is once more to regain its own. As a trimming for a serviceable skirt graduated rows look exceedingly well.

When Tommy was told that he must forgive Bobby he answered that the Bible said that a boy must forgive his brother up to seventy times seven, but that he was certain sure that he had forgiven his brother far more than four hundred and ninety times, and that, therefore, he could not really be expected to go on forgiving him any longer.

A lady advises for a governess with one leg, as her little daughter has only one leg.

An examiner asked the Bible lesson class to tell him what was the chief difference between Elisha and Elijah, and after a pause one little lad held up his hand and said, "Please, sir, Elisha walked with God, but the carriage was sent for Elijah!"

Princess Eugene's white shoes were never worn more than once, and then were sent to an orphanage to be worn by the girls at their first communion.

THE PRETTY WOOD SAWYERS OF EQUINUNK.

A team of the wisest philosophers known to history might be safely challenged to tell how pyroxylic acid could be brought to further the cause of religion. But three girls of Equinunk village, Pa., know and have put it to the test.

Now, the Methodists of Equinunk were sadly in need of a new house of worship. Whereupon the "Ladies' Aid, the King's Daughters and the Epworth Leaguers united with the men of the Building Committee and got the structure raised. This, as the illustration shows, is an ornament to the town. There was, however, no money to complete it. Then stepped forth Miss Minnie Sherwood, Miss June Southwell and Miss May Butterfield—note their pretty names—with this manifesto:

"We, the undersigned, having entered into a contract with the Equinunk Chem-

ical Company to cut and pile 250 cords of acid wood during the last week of February, 1896, do most cordially invite you to this chopping party.

"Said wood belongs to Chemical Company and is located near Equinunk village. The cutting and piling of one or more cords to be done in a good, workmanlike manner. Please bring a good axe, saw, two wedges and a good-sized mawl. Mr. Green, of the Chemical Company, will give all necessary directions.

"Try your muscle on a cord of wood. The exercise will do you good.

"The best of the chopping reserved for the ladies.

"In order that there may be no failure on the part of the ladies to fulfil this contract, we appeal to you to help us. If previous engagements prevent your coming

kindly send us by mail one or more dollars, and the work will be done for you.

"Proceeds for the benefit of general fund of our Methodist Episcopal Church, now being erected.

"The public generally are invited.

"MINNIE SHERWOOD,
"JUNE SOUTHWELL,
"MAY BUTTERFIELD.

"All remittances make to Minnie Sherwood.

"As the object is a most worthy one, we



MAY BUTTERFIELD.



MINNIE SHERWOOD.



THE NEW CHURCH.

trust that the woodman who will not spare the tree will be present in great numbers. This wood, it will be observed, is for the Equinunk Chemical Company, which runs

an acid factory at the place for the making of pyroxylic acid out of ordinary cordwood. During the winter season the cutting and hauling of the wood are done.

The seal and courage of the young women are shown in the fact that they made the contract before they appealed for help. The contract is a bona fide agreement in writing, now on exhibition at the Equinunk Post Office. Already some of the volunteers are at work, and others send contributions for substitutes. The cutting is done under the supervision of the ladies.

The wood, when cut, will make a pile 2,000 feet long and 4 feet high. For this the Chemical Company will give its check for \$250.

Equinunk, where all these interesting things are taking place, is a pleasant village on the bank of the Delaware River,



at the mouth of Equinunk Creek, in Wayne County, Pa., 25 miles from New York City, near Lordville Station, on the Erie Railroad. It derives its name from the creek, which is the Indian name for trout water—"aquana" (water) "nunk" (trout). Many Indian relics have been found here—a millstone for grinding corn, arrow flints, and last year a scalping knife, in good order, made of some foreign stone, and found five feet below the surface in digging a cellar. The back country also abounds in wild mountain scenery, with lakes and streams full of fish.

The tract of land upon which the wood chopping is to be done is the Equinunk manor tract, consisting originally of 2,300 acres, and was owned by William Penn in his own personal right in 1700, from Charles II., King of England.